Enid Blyton

COLLINS COLOUR CUBS

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THE GIRL WHO FOUND SIXPENCE

Pictures by Sally Holmes and Ken Stott

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THE GIRL WHO FOUND SIXPENCE

Pictures by Sally Holmes and Ken Stott

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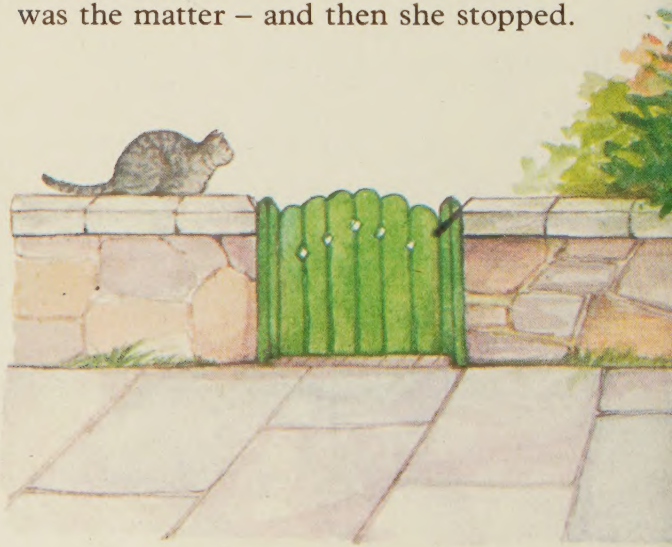
One morning when Jeanie was coming back from the shops she had a great surprise. There, lying on the pavement, was a shining silver sixpence!

"Good gracious!" said Jeanie, in delight. "I've found sixpence."

She picked it up – and then she remembered something. Mother had always said that if anything was found in the street, *somebody* must have lost it, and the finder must always try to give it back to the real owner.

"Oh, what a nuisance!" said Jeanie to herself. She looked round and about to see if anyone was looking for the sixpence. But nobody was. So she hurried away with it.

Round the next corner she met a little boy who was crying. His name was Kenneth. Jeanie was a kind little girl, and she almost went up to ask Kenneth what was the matter – and then she stopped.



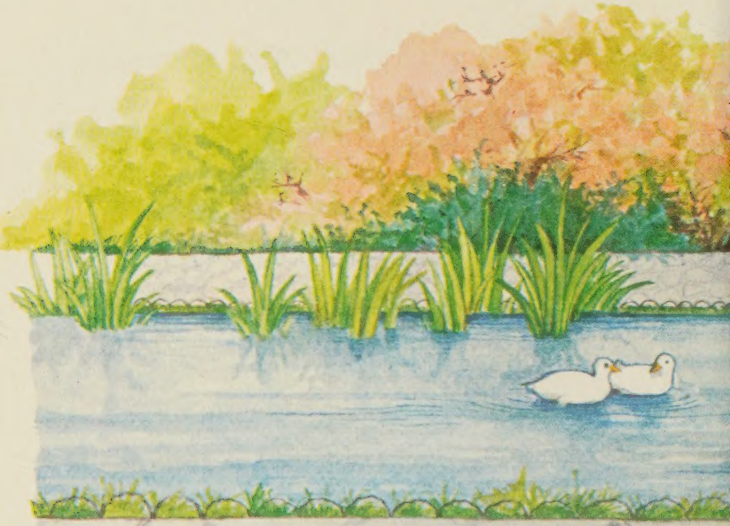
"Suppose he is crying because he lost sixpence! I would have to give it back to him then. I shan't ask him what's the matter. Perhaps he's crying because his mother is cross with him – or maybe he has fallen down and hurt his knee."

So Jeanie hurried home, and didn't ask Kenneth why he was crying.

She didn't tell her mother about the silvery sixpence. She wanted to keep it a secret and spend it herself on anything she wanted.

"I shall buy lots and lots of sweets," thought Jeanie. "I shan't tell anyone I've got them. Just this once I'll eat them all myself."

So that afternoon she went to the sweet-shop and she bought two-pennyworth of cheap pink sweets, two-pennyworth of cheap green sweets, and two-pennyworth of cheap yellow sweets. They were the kind that mother didn't usually let her buy.



She went for a walk by herself, and she ate all the sweets, everyone. First she ate the green ones, then she ate the yellow ones, and last of all, she ate the pink ones. So you can see that she had a great feast.

When she got home she had a lovely surprise.

"Jeanie, Hilda has just been here to ask if you will go to her party tomorrow," said her mother. "Won't that be nice for you? I'll buy a new hair-ribbon and a sash to match."

Jeanie was most excited. "This is certainly my lucky day!" she said to herself. "First I find a sixpence – then I have heaps of sweets all to myself – and then I'm asked to a party. Oh, how lovely!"

Now those sweets were cheap and nasty, and although a few of them would have been all right, three bags of them

were bad for anybody. And in the middle of the night poor Jeanie woke up with a most dreadful pain in her tummy. She sat up and cried.

Her mother came to see what was the matter. "I've got such a pain," wept Jeanie. "It won't go. It's just here, Mummy."

Her mother gave her some horrid medicine to take, brought her a hot-water bottle, and told her to try and go to sleep. But the sweets gave her such a tummy-ache that she couldn't go to sleep at all.

In the morning she was pale and tired.

"You must stay in bed today, Jeanie," said her mother. "You look quite ill."

"Oh, Mummy! But I'm going to Hilda's party!" cried Jeanie.

"You can't possibly do that," said her

mother. "I couldn't let you go out after a bad night like last night. You must lie in bed and rest today. Perhaps you will be well enough to get up tomorrow. I really can't think what has upset you. You had quite ordinary things to eat yesterday."

Jeanie remembered the pink, green, and yellow sweets and she went red. She turned her face to her pillow so that her mother could not see how red she was. She knew quite well that she had a pain because of eating so many cheap sweets. Mummy had always warned her about that.

"I don't feel as if I could eat another sweet all my life long!" thought poor Jeanie. "I just feel really sick when I think of them. Oh dear – how greedy I was!"

She cried when she remembered Hilda's party. It was such a dreadful disappointment. Jeanie lay and thought about everything.

"It was all because I found that sixpence and kept it, without really trying to find out who had lost it," she thought. "I am sure it was Kenneth's. Instead of giving it to him I kept it and bought those nasty sweets with it, and ate them all greedily without offering anybody else any. Then they gave me a pain and made me miss Hilda's party. Oh, how unhappy I am!"

About half-past six that evening Mummy came into Jeanie's room with a smiling face.

"Hilda has just been along to give you something from her party," she said. "Look, here is a bag of sweets – all different colours!"

Jeanie took the bag and opened it. Inside were some really beautiful sweets – green, pink, and yellow, just the same colours as those she had bought the day before, but much, much nicer sweets.

And poor Jeanie couldn't eat one! It made her feel sick just to look at them. "I don't want any," she said, miserably. "They make me feel ill."

Then she began to cry. Mummy sat down on the bed and looked at her.

"Is there anything you would like to tell me, Jeanie, dear?" she asked. "If there is anything worrying you I would like to know it – because mothers can usually put things right, you know. So do tell me."

"I will tell you," wept Jeanie. And she poured out the story about finding the sixpence, and not asking Kenneth if it was his, and buying the sweets and eating them all. Mummy listened to the whole story. Then she took Jeanie's hand.

"Don't worry about it any more," she said. "You can put it all right if you want to. It *was* Kenneth who lost the sixpence, because his mother told me how upset he was. Have you sixpence in your money-box?"

"Yes," said Jeanie, cheering up. "I could give him that. I wish I could make up for his unhappiness at losing the sixpence, too."

"Yes, it would be nice to do that," said Mummy.

"Oh, I know what I could do!" said Jeanie. "I could send him round the sweets, too, that Hilda brought me, couldn't I? He would love those. I was greedy with the others, but I shan't be with these! I won't keep even one for myself for tomorrow."

"That would be a good idea," said Mummy, pleased. "Kenneth would love the sweets. You shall take the sixpence and the sweets to him tomorrow."

"I wish I had given back the sixpence instead of keeping it," said Jeanie. "It's brought me a lot of horrid things!"

"Yes, that's the worst of doing something mean," said Mummy. "Mean deeds always bring horrid things behind them. Never mind – you are going to make up for being mean, and that will put things right again. Your bad luck will go!"

And sure enough it did! Jeanie went round to see Kenneth, and took him a sixpence out of her money-box and the bag of sweets, and told him she was sorry she hadn't asked him if he had lost the sixpence.

"How nice you are, Jeanie, to come and tell me all this, and give me your own sixpence and sweets," said Kenneth. "I'm having a birthday party on Saturday. Will you come?"

Well, what do you think of that? Jeanie flew home to tell her mother, as pleased as could be. And you will be glad to know that there were lovely sweets at Kenneth's party, too, and Jeanie loved eating them!

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For the first time in Cubs!

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BILLY'S BICYCLE

A SURPRISE FOR MOLLY